

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

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BELIEF.

He who holds a sincere trust
In the wise; the true, the just,
In the worth of noble deeds:
His belief is all he needs.

He who holds to truthfulness,
Dares be *true* and lose success,
Fears no scoff, if duty leads:
His belief is all he needs.

Know, O men, the light divine,
Not on one, but *all*, doth shine;
Who in love life's lesson reads,
His belief is all he needs.

E. G. B.

In this issue the name of Albert Walkley appears for the first time as one of the UNITY Committee. Henceforth his word and work will regularly appear in our columns as one of the associate editors. Mr. Walkley has been elected to this place to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Batchelor, whose health forbade the assuming of the extra labor. Mr. Walkley needs no introduction to UNITY readers. Whether in the east or in the west, he has from the beginning been with us and of us. On behalf of our readers we welcome our new yoke-fellow.

Brother Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, has again been doing good service in exposing the fraudulent pretences of a so-called "slate-writing medium," a man by the name of Pettibone. Mr. Bundy investigated and found that he used his slates as mediums of fraud and deception, and so denounces him as no true spiritual medium, but a wicked pretender, though his wife may be a clairvoyant. What laborious sifting is required before we find the few grains of truth in the mass of fraud and pretense commonly spoken of as spiritualism! Our situation seems like that of the scientists in regard to spontaneous generation. Their theory of the universe, the evolution theory, is only complete when spontaneous generation is assumed as having taken place upon the earth at some time in the past, but honesty compels them to admit that such origin of life has never been observed, unmistakably, by any human eye. So the prevailing religious philosophy of the Christian world is only complete by assuming that spiritualism was at least *once true*, but honesty compels most of us to say that, so far as our observation goes, all is trickery and fraud that bears the name of spiritualism now.

"There must be something in it," is now-a-days the almost universal remark in regard to the "manifestations" or phenomena of spiritualism. Some emphasize *must* and others emphasize *something*, but

this is the formula in which the matter is usually summed up, notwithstanding the general truth that hardly any two can be found who can agree as to what that something is. Welcome, therefore, to the Society for Psychical Research, and every other agency that will help forward this sifting or washing process, that will at last give us the pure gold of truth that lies at the bottom of this somewhat muddy well. We think brother Bundy overestimates the value of this deposit, but gold is gold, and we will rejoice with him over all that is found here or elsewhere. U.

A genuine old-fashioned fourth of July celebration is a good thing. Not the aimless and tiresome excursions and picnics, and the more aimless and distressing noise with which a great city celebrates, but the gathering together of all citizens, men, women and children, in country places, under the shade of grand old trees to read and hear the grand old declaration and recall the wonderful story of the genesis and prosperity of our nation. Probably the best celebration of this kind in the whole country is annually held at Woodstock, Connecticut. The *Independent* devotes nine of its great pages to reporting the meeting this year, and it does well, for, though little that is new was said, we should remember the utility of saying the old things to audiences to whom they will be new. It is our custom to treat our nation's natal day with too much levity, and the Woodstock people deserve our thanks for celebrating the day with dignity and decorum. Speeches were made by Governor Garrison of Connecticut, John Sherman of Ohio, Rev. Dr. McCosh, Hon. Waldo Hutchings, and John A. Logan, poems were read by Joaquin Miller and Maurice Thompson, and a telegram of sympathy was sent to General Grant. May such celebrations increase from year to year in all parts of our country. U.

The *Tribune*, of this city, for July 10, contains a two-column article with a sensational heading on a year's trial of prohibition in Iowa. It seems to be a careful study based upon the testimony of the mayors or other municipal officers of twenty-eight of the leading cities in the state. The testimony and "facts" are very interesting, but the generalizations and inferences drawn therefrom are uncertain, unscientific, and consequently worthless, if not misleading. Uncertain, because, contrary to the assumption of the writer, one year's time is wholly inadequate to the test of so far-reaching a law as the one under discussion. Public sentiment is a matter of slow growth, and such a law as this should have patient trial. The conclusions are unscientific because they are based upon too few facts to warrant a generalization. The personal equations of the several officials, as well as of the writer, enter perceptibly into their various

opinions. There is no telling how much of their judgment is pre-judgment. The article is misleading, because, on its own admission, it is based upon the experience of the least promising portions of the state. "The law a dead letter in all *but* the smaller towns" is the display head-line. But the emphasis is not placed where we have placed it and where it belongs. There is great significance in that "*but*", for it implies the bulk of the great state of Iowa. The twenty-eight towns with a population of twenty-five hundred people or upward represent but an insignificant fraction of the population, intelligence, wealth and morality of the great agricultural state of Iowa. Let the twenty-eight hundred smaller towns, villages and country cross-roads be heard from before any decision of the main question purporting to be based on facts and experiences be attempted. We are not among those who expect that the world is to be reformed by legislation. We believe that the friends of prohibition often claim too much for it, and expect too much from it. But we do believe that the state has a right to protect itself as best it may from this great scourge of ineptitude, as it has to protect itself from the lesser scourge of cholera. And we regard the leading argument in this article for a return to the license system for financial reasons a most vicious and degrading one, which argument reduced to its simplest terms amounts to this, "Let us license saloons so that we may have funds with which to pay our police officers".

In the pleasant little bundle of essays published anonymously under the title "Obiter Dicta", there is one called "Truth Hunting", in which the author, evidently a man of fine literary ability and taste, urges his readers to consider earnestly the following question: *Are you sure that it is a good thing for you to spend so much time in speculating about matters outside of your daily life and walk?* Oh, no, certainly not good for us either in the way of making us comfortable or agreeable to our fellow men; as this author so admirably shows in comparing and contrasting Lamb and Coleridge; but there are some among us who consider not only what is good for us but what is good for the world. To the polished literary gentleman nothing is more disagreeable than a man in earnest, provided he is alive; Luther or Carlyle dead will furnish forth many an excellent literary feast. Nevertheless the man who thinks, meditates and speculates about things outside of his daily life and walk, many things very far outside, is the man who best serves his fellow men, is the man who makes possible a civilization stable enough to permit the literary man to enjoy his books, his cards and his wine.

As much good sense and as much good taste may be shown in truth-hunting as in hunting of any other kind, and a man may easily distinguish himself by his folly also in this pursuit. There are those who seem especially qualified to hunt up truth of an obsolete sort, accumulating vast stores of useless information, while others seem to become what is called "too previous" in their methods and possessions.

But no errors in truth-hunting can ever be so disastrous as mistakes in truth-speaking often are, and yet the popular moral code attempts no restraint in this regard. Every man is expected to tell all the truth he knows, and if he stops at that his conscience is clear. Provided the thing be true, proclaim it in God's name from the housetops in season and out of season, leave consequences to him, and great will be your reward, especially if you are persecuted because of your disagreeableness—is not this the common conception of the ethics and responsibilities of speech? In the old anti-slavery days we were deeply impressed with a sense of the great value of "agitation", as it was called, namely, very persistent reiteration of certain truths which it was supposed the slaveholders had never sufficiently considered. And we, the sons of these agitators, seem to have taken up the idea that any truth, of whatever character, is always seasonable and beneficial.

But ought not truth to be sifted and sorted before you sow it broadcast? Great emphasis will fall upon this question in the next few weeks, as the full tide of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* proclamation of London's infamy and criminality reaches our shores. It is a dirty flood, and the editor who hoisted its gates took upon himself a tremendous responsibility. This he seems to feel, but there must always be those who will suspect the conscience of an editor when it drives him to do a thing that is certain to sell his paper. No newspaper in the world, probably, ever did as bold a thing as this: wickedness in high places was never so recklessly assaulted in so public a way since printing was invented. And yet it is greatly to be feared that the faith of which this boldness is born, however sincere, is not well-founded. It looks, at this distance, as though this editor was under the delusion that any agitation against any wickedness must be justifiable and must produce good results. But morality belongs so much to the unconscious life, is so much more a matter of feeling than of thought, is so much more a matter of knowledge and desire than of mere truth or legal enactment, that this editor will almost certainly find that he has reckoned without his host in expecting, if he does expect, good to come out of these horrible exposures, these revelations of "truth," and the acts of parliament that may result from the present great excitement.

To truth-seeking and truth-speaking we are impelled by divine instincts that work within us for the elevation and salvation of humanity, but the safety and good of society is quite as dependent upon the careful exercise of reason and sound judgment in what we shall seek, and especially what we shall say, as the safety of the body is upon our obedience to the maxim, "Look before you leap". U.

A correspondent says: "One of the strongest attractions for me in Unitarianism is the frankness of speech between its members, and the simple acceptance of the same as *all* that is meant". Diversity of opinion by no means implies an antagonism of feeling or spirit among those who deserve the compliment of our correspondent.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

We have a noble friend, a man of cultivated mind, large heart, and eminence in his profession. The poetic imagination in him is rarely blent with a scientific training. By nature an ardent believer, he has a bent toward mysticism, for years past has occupied himself with theosophy and other occult sciences, and loves, above all, to linger in the twilight of that border land between knowledge and faith, where fact and fancy interplay with each other, and the soul dares to indulge its visions and its ecstacies.

Some years ago our friend became deeply interested in the philosophy and phenomena of modern spiritualism, and at length entered upon its investigation, with an almost complete absorption of his faculties, which threatened to interfere seriously with his professional and private duties.

Rarely have we met with a more sincere and enthusiastic disciple of this faith. He was in constant attendance at seances and circles; he entertained powerful mediums at his own house for weeks together, and grew eloquent in describing their amazing manifestations and disclosures.

The final outcome of his research and experience with modern spiritualism is contained in a letter received from him, which breathes the same spirit of sincerity and a humbler devotion to truth—a letter we think it a sacred duty to communicate to others, who, with ourselves, may find light and guidance in its conclusions. Many of the readers of *UNITY* have doubtless passed through a similar experience, and have sadly come to like results. Not all, perhaps, have an equal courage to acknowledge their own delusion and to lift a voice of tender warning to those still groping in the dark. Says our correspondent:

"I have realized in these last years that a worthy object honestly and zealously followed is sure of reward, and the best of the reward is the revelation which comes from looking into one's own soul with a full determination to drive out the bats and all uncleanness, and make it a fit temple for the 'silent witness'. Not that I have completed this work, for that cannot be done here; but I think I can say that I am more and more drawn towards it. My experience with mediums gave me what I sought—the truth, or enough to guide my thought and action. Mediumship is full of fraud, with a great truth lying back of it, and *dangerous in the extreme*. The wise-ignorant will let it alone, while to the ignorant-wise it may prove hell and destruction.

"This is not hearsay or prejudice, but of my own knowledge, through an investigation made once for all, lasting six months and costing probably \$500. Little to show for all this outlay, you may say. I say no. Truth is cheap at any price, and when I condemn Spiritualism, as regards its methods and manifestations, I can give a reason that will deter the thoughtful and terrify the pure and conscientious. It is safe only to the absolutely pure, and under the guidance of the highest wisdom and intelligence, with full knowledge of psychological laws seldom known to any. The worst victims and most to be pitied are usually the mediums themselves, when honest, as no doubt some are. We need cool heads and honest hearts in this busy world, not subjective visions or uncontrollable powers. Health, happiness and usefulness are found only in honest work for noble ends."

C. W. W.

Contributed Articles.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I will not borrow trouble; no, not I;
No sooner than I must will I believe
Friends are inconstant, or fond love can die;
Nor aught that can a happy spirit grieve.

Nor will I mar the present; no, not I,
By dwelling on the sorrows of the past.
Blessings and beauty all around us lie,
And sorrow is but shade by sunshine cast.

I will not sigh for riches; no, not I,
When Nature gives so much I can enjoy.
She paints me landscapes I could never buy,
Had I a mint of gold without alloy.

Nor will I blush for poverty; not I;
But try to live so well that every day
Shall add some treasure to my stores that lie
Where neither moth nor rust can take away.

I will not censure others; no, not I;
But to be kept from like temptations pray.
Weakness our confidence may underlie,
That shall surprise us into sin one day.

I will complain of nothing; no, not I,
While I have strength for work and eyes to see.
Full half our foolish human troubles fly
When earnest work bids indigestion flee.

Nor will I murmur at God's will; not I, [me,
Though death should part the dearest friends from
To enter higher life, we name "to die"—
Progress through change, is the Divine decree.

And this I never will believe; not I,
That evil in the world outweighs the good.
Brave tales of simple lives would multiply
If their sweet influence was understood.

Nor will I think the world grows worse; not I;
Infinite Wisdom can the progress see,
Though ages may be what He marks it by;
The noblest men work for posterity.

Then let us no more grumble—you and I;
But let our lives with such contentment glow
That weary souls may be refreshed thereby,
And love shall follow us where'er we go.

MELA.

OH, YE MOTHERS!

Six years ago I called one afternoon at a house where there were several daughters and one son—the youngest of the family—ten years of age. During my call upon the mother of this family her boy, full of life and vigor, came in from school, shouting, "Where's mamma?" and a conversation like the following took place: "Ma, I'm going over to play with the Beebe boys in the next street—can't I?" "No, James, you must stay at home and play near, where I can know just where

you are." "Oh, no, ma; I don't want to. There's no fun in our old yard, any way; besides, I told Henry Beebe I'd come."

So far the conversation had gone on while the boy stood in the hall. The combat deepening, he walked into the parlor, was bidden to speak to me and to ask if my Charlie ever teased *his* mother, a question which he evidently thought superfluous to put, and not at all to the point. This small ruse on the part of the enemy was not to foil him, and he renewed the attack with greater energy, as if conscious that he was needlessly losing time. "I say, ma, let me go." "What are you going to do over there? You know I don't like to have you go with those rough boys." "Oh, we're just going to have fun. I'll be home to supper. Say quick, ma, I can go, can't I?" "Well, go along; don't bother any longer", and she added before the boy was out of hearing, "*I suppose you'd go, any way, whatever I said about it!*"

This incident happened six years ago. The boy is now sixteen years old; has been out of school—much against his parents' wishes—a year and a half, because he *would* not study—"All the boys were leaving school and getting places", he said. And "you know", said his mother to me, "you know it *is* hard to expect a boy to keep to his books when the whole influence of his companions is in a different direction". Of course, if mothers are not to see to it that the home influence is stronger, sweeter and higher than the outside force, thought I. "We *are* a little worried over James", she continued: "What worries you?" "Oh, I don't know that we have much reason to worry, only he never wants to spend his evenings at home. He isn't out very late, and, of course, after business all day, which is pretty dull for a boy, he must have some recreation." "Do you know where he spends his evenings?" "Oh, he always says he's with the 'fellows'." "Could you not have 'the fellows', as he calls them, come to your house occasionally, and so make a pleasant evening?" "Dear me!" she replied, "James laughs at that proposal, and says, 'Why, ma, we *should* have a gay time here. You don't know boys'."

A few days ago I met a gentleman of business and said: "What do you know about the young men in such and such a store", mentioning the place where James is employed. "I know that there is scarcely a form of vice that is not familiar to them." Alas, for the boy whose mother is not very much worried over him, when he wishes to spend all his evenings with "the boys"!

But this is the harvest—this worry is the beginning of the harvest that naturally enough follows upon the sowing of six years ago. Some one has said that all material spoiling of children is accomplished between the ages of three and five. The child has a right to learn the lesson of thorough obedience before he is five years old, and no mother has done her duty who has not taught this lesson before five years have passed over the child's head. It is a lesson to be learned particularly from the mother.

Pitiable is it to hear the silly confessions of weak mothers. Not long since I heard a young mother

say before a bright little fellow of four years: "I can't do anything with him. He minds his father, of course. I guess he's afraid of him, but he's beyond me, already."

Oh, ye mothers! Do you think for a moment what a harvest of "worry", of misery, ye are sowing for yourselves; to say nothing of the wrong done to the child who is not taught obedience to his mother, and that respect which must be the ground of his love? Listen to the maxims on this point, never outgrown, of Rousseau:

"It behooves you always to grant to a child, at the first sign, whatever you do not intend to deny him. Do not be lavish in your refusals, *but do not recall them.* * * *

"Let the particle 'no', when once pronounced, be a wall of brass which a child, after he has tried his strength against it half a dozen times, shall never more endeavor to shake."

The young mother above referred to, who so recklessly confessed in the hearing of her boy that she had given up the reins into his own hands, was the same mother who, when a lady said to her, "You have only two children, I believe, Mrs. A.", replied, "Only two, thank Heaven!"—and overhearing this, I could only say in my heart, "and Heaven grant you may never have any more!"

Oh, ye mothers! Why will ye despise the crowning glory of a woman's life, and not lift your hearts on high for strength and grace to train the baby soul that is given into your keeping, until it can be the noblest work of God, a self-controlled, pure, good man or woman?

"O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule
And sun thee in the light of happy faces,
Love, Hope and Patience—these must be the graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school."

L. W. L.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLT.*

The Empire of the Tsars is so far removed from us Americans, the habits, customs and thoughts of its people are so foreign to the genius of this country of free institutions, that few can properly criticise Mr. Edmund Noble's book, which bears the title placed at the head of this article.

The Russian revolt does not mean any particular, definite insurrection or rebellion of the Russians, but the gradual revolt of the people of that vast empire from the absolutism which has, since the introduction of Greek Christianity, ground them down into the dust under the rule of a monarch whose sole will is the law not only in secular but equally in ecclesiastical matters, and has given birth to Nihilism and that state of society now existing in Russia, which has accomplished the assassination of a Tsar and thrown the ruling classes into such a condition that no one knows who can be trusted, or when or where the next fearful blow at absolute power may strike.

Mr. Noble tries—and, as it seems to me, though I can claim but little right to hazard an opinion as to

* THE RUSSIAN REVOLT; Its Causes, Conditions and Prospects. By Edmund Noble. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885. \$1.00.

a condition of things so strange to an American, with no small measure of success—to show the causes which have brought about the present existing state of things. From the physical characteristics of the country, one vast plain of dead level: from the nomadic habits of the original Russians, shown in their descendants: from the absence of genuine city life throughout the country: from the domestic habits of the people: from the importation and triumph of Byzantine civilization, modes of government and religion, and from the later gradual acquaintance with Western European culture and thought, he traces the slow birth of that unrest and dissatisfaction with the government which now pervades all classes of society and threatens in time, and in no long time, too, to overturn the throne of the descendants of Peter the Great, and accomplish the enfranchisement of the great empire.

The book is intensely interesting, especially in the accounts Mr. Noble gives of many of the great men and women who, becoming imbued with the principles of the revolt, have so grandly sacrificed ease, comfort, wealth, culture, and, last of all, life, for the cause they embraced. Take, for example, the sketch given of Nikolai Gavrilovich Chernishevsky, or that of Sophia Lvovna Perovskaya, can anything in history be more noble and inspiring than their lives of self-sacrifice and devotion? No martyrology can show more perfect instances of heroism and courage to carry out what was regarded as sacred duty. And when one reads of such men and women the conviction is borne in upon one irresistibly that the cause they champion must contain seeds of great promise sure in time to develop into successful fruition.

However faulty in much of its argument Mr. Noble's book may be, he is surely right in the conclusion reached in the closing pages—as surely right, as is the old proverb "*vox populi, vox Dei*" in the deepest sense true—that the Russian revolt is a movement of the people, down-trodden and cruelly oppressed, for a change which shall recognize that in them, and not in one autocratic monarch, resides the real power, and which shall secure to this real sovereign the rightful place in the government of the land. And, lastly, that the movement is in the end, soon or late, sure of complete success.

The work is not long. Every one should read it in the interest of humanity and popular liberty.

W.M. ELIOT FURNESS.

PRISONS AND PRISON DISCIPLINE.*

Last Thursday, eight of our number, joining with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, went to Michigan City, Ind., to visit the penitentiary, it being flower day and one on which visitors were freely admitted to all the departments of the prison. On our arrival I determined to learn as much as possible, first, about the effect of our visit on the prisoners; second, how the prisoners generally were treated, and third, the effect of the prison discipline on the minds and hearts of the convicts. With this end in

view I conversed with a considerable number of the prisoners, with the wardens and guards, and with those citizens of the town who were familiar with the place, besides studying, as well as I was able, the phrenology and physiognomy of the inmates. There were about seven hundred, clad alike, and all seemingly subject to the same treatment. All were fed at the same table, all marched together into the same chapel, all alike were locked in cells of the same dimensions and degrees of comfort.

Their appearance at the chapel exercises was a sight long to be remembered. They seemed to enjoy the music—the singing created applause—but I imagined the other exercises fell on unsympathetic ears. The address was by a good evangelical sister, who pleaded with them earnestly to come to Jesus, promising them a palace instead of a prison if they would only wash in his blood. Many prisoners said they enjoyed it, and prized the flowers, but some of the guards were inclined to ask, "Why this waste?" They said only two out of every ten appreciated this sympathy; the rest would have preferred something good to eat rather than the flowers. My impression, upon the whole, was that it was a worthy work, especially giving the flowers. I know some enjoyed it, and I have no doubt they were benefited. I was glad to see this work undertaken, and, minus the blood atonement talk, so well carried out. The prisoners universally testified that they were well treated. When the wardens were presented with flowers there was general and hearty applause.

Now, as to the effect of this discipline upon the character and conduct of the prisoners. We were told the general effect upon the men was to crush their spirits. I was not surprised, therefore, to have pointed out to me men who were there for the third or fourth time. Neither was I surprised to be told that when these men leave prison their first step is to go to the nearest saloon and get intoxicated, and that in a short time the officers look for their return. This was one of the worst features that I saw about the institution. It was *not* reformatory. It was simply a school of vice. As such, it seemed a very dark spot upon our civilization.

Everybody acknowledges the necessity for some such institution. If men cannot live with their fellows there is a fitness in compelling them to live alone, but in doing this we should strive to give them a chance to live respectably, cultivate their minds and hearts, and, if possible, lead them to better lives.

It is not Christian, not even human, to take men and brutalize them, drag them down to the lowest depths, as we thus seem to be doing. I am convinced that many men in this institution are not really depraved; they were not bad when they were first placed under confinement, and if they ever become really bad it will be partly the fault of the place. Some of these men, I know, are vicious by nature through inheritance from their ancestors, some have become bad by being exposed to evil influences. Perhaps they are beyond the power of reform; the low brows, the coarse thick necks, the low cunning which looks out from some eyes, betoken this. But all are not so. There are some as good heads among

*From a sermon delivered at the Unitarian Church in La Porte, Ind., June 28th, 1885, by the pastor, Rev. A. G. Jennings.

these prisoners as I ever saw anywhere. One man said he was there for taking human life; he said it was done while under the influence of strong drink and excited by passion, that the night before he no more dreamed of committing such a deed than he did of dying, but all at once the occasion arose, the deed was done, and he was sent there for life.

Another fine-looking young man was there for embezzlement and forgery—financial trouble, he said, caused it; he had a wife and child and many friends—had been trusted and honored. It was while acting in the capacity of treasurer of the city in which he resided that the temptation came. There may have been only a few such cases, but it suggested that there should be different grades in the prison and a different order of discipline for these men. To herd them with those who are naturally and hopelessly depraved is to degrade them and make them at last confirmed criminals. If they ever go out into the world they will be less prepared to resist temptation than they were before.

So far as I could discover, there was no influence of a moral or religious nature worthy of mention brought to bear on any of these offenders. It is true we were told about a chaplain, and we were permitted to listen to his benediction. We were told he preached every Sunday for the prisoners, for which service he received a salary of \$1,000. His church in town absorbed the remaining portion of his time. I could imagine from his benediction the character of his preaching, which would certainly be to make his hearers no better, if not worse, than they were before. The whole prison seemed to be modeled after the orthodox idea of punishment, as it has been recently expressed in Dr. Shedd's article in the *North American Review* on the "certainty of endless punishment"—punishment vindictive and arbitrary, for *revenge* to satisfy an angry God, rather than remedial or restorative. I believe that is one reason why our prison houses are such failures, morally and spiritually. They are not conceived in the right spirit, and they are not conducted upon the right principles. Besides, such teaching is immoral. Unless our prisoners can hear better doctrine, it were wiser to remove all religious influences, leave them entirely alone with God.

I could imagine some few in that chapel asking for the bread of life, but, from every evidence that I could behold, thus far they had only received a stone. Mentally it was no better; not a book in any of the cells. Sometimes a paper, but these prevailingly of the blood-atonement type—nothing really to feed the minds of these prisoners. If we had seen evidences of physical hunger in that prison, if we were told these men were starving to death physically, the whole community would be aroused to indignation. But here are these men starving in mind and soul, an infinitely more painful spectacle, and the whole community are indifferent to their fate.

Every prison should be supplied with books, and not only that, but persons should be appointed to give instruction in science and in literature. A portion of each day should be spent by these prisoners in acquiring knowledge. Do you say this would be

impracticable? I know it would not—this experiment has been tried and is being tried to-day with astonishing results at Elmira, N. Y. In this prison there are about six hundred persons taken from the jails and penitentiaries in the state—and thoroughly educated—the best *moral* influences are brought to bear upon them. They are then, after serving their time, sent out into the world, and I am told eighty per cent become good citizens. In this institution there are three grades. A record of each person is kept and as soon as his proficiency and good behavior warrants, he is advanced, and this means better clothes, better food, more liberty, and more congenial quarters. There is, thus, an inducement to rise, and most of these men do rise, and by constant striving to do better they at last acquire the habit of striving, which in eight cases out of ten effects an entire reformation. This institution is almost self-supporting, as nearly enough manual labor is performed to pay expenses. I doubt not better results are obtained where manual labor is combined with learning than where only manual labor is required. I believe such a system could be employed in all our states' prisons. Let there be different grades—let the lowest grade wear the striped clothes, if need be, let the discipline be severe, but let the men have a chance to become better, give them hope, give them something to work for. After a time, if their conduct should warrant it, let them be advanced, let them appear in respectable attire, let them again become men.

I anticipate some of the objections which might be made to such a system. It may be said we should make our prisons as disagreeable as possible that they may become a terror to our communities. Such a prison as we have described would not be a bad place, consequently there would be no great reason for shunning it. It is said one end of punishment is *its effect upon the community*. This theory is entirely wrong. We do not punish one of our children for the *effect* it will have upon the family. To punish one man for the effect produced upon others belongs to a past age, a relic of the atonement theory. A higher law teaches us that every man must pay the penalty of his own misdeeds. "The soul that sinneth, *it shall die*." If a man is *willing* to suffer for others it is noble, but to compel him to suffer thus is unjust and inhuman. Besides, it is not wisdom. This theory was tried in England less than a century ago, when men were hung for thieving, and in presence of the public. It was thought the sight of a man on the gallows would strike terror to the people and thus the evil would be diminished. On the other hand, it was increased—pockets were picked, men were robbed, capital crimes were committed even while the executions were taking place. Punishments for effect always have a *bad* effect. I believe our prison houses have a *bad* effect upon our communities. They may be necessary, but they are evils none the less. *Anything*, therefore, which tends to elevate them elevates the community; anything which degrades them makes them greater sources of corruption in our midst. In nine cases out of ten the men who commit crimes do so without

consideration of consequences. As for this man who committed the murder of which I have spoken, had the penalty been everlasting burning he would have still done the deed.

Say, however, what we may in regard to this subject, the test is in the *result*. If an institution can show such a record as the Elmira institution has done thus far—and it has been in existence fifteen years—is it not better, more economical, than the way in which we are dealing with prisoners in our state? But even our best prison houses are expedients. We can do a great deal more than we are doing to-day to prevent crime. As I saw those ladies last Thursday so willing and eager to help the poor prisoners; as I saw them bestowing care and sympathy on those unsympathetic men, the majority now almost beyond the power of reformation; as I looked upon those massive brick walls and those spacious grounds costing many hundreds of thousands of dollars; as I thought of the vast expense such an institution must be every year, I could not help asking: What are these ladies doing—what is this state doing to prevent crime?

Very soon all these prisoners will have passed away—even while we were present we saw one poor man breathing his last—in thirty, forty, fifty years, at most, not one of these men will be left upon this earth. Who are to take their places? Children who are now, perhaps, in their cradles. If in fifty years there are seven hundred men in that prison house in Michigan City, there are to-day seven hundred little children who will become those seven hundred criminals. Now, what are we doing for those children? It may be within our power now to lead some of them to a better way. If a part of that labor and sympathy bestowed upon those prisoners were directed to the salvation of these children, how much *real good* might be accomplished. Why don't we, friends, save these children? You may reply, We are doing all we can. The state appropriates public money for the schools. I grant it. And it is a step in the right direction, but only one step. The next should be compulsory attendance at our schools. I venture to say that with all the advantages for acquiring an education in this city, and they are great, there are still a considerable number of children here who will grow up in ignorance. From among these our criminal classes will largely come.

Our Sunday-schools, then, should be better attended and supported; our churches should be more active and vigilant; greater efforts should be made to secure the attendance of the young; we should go out into the highways and byways and bring in the little neglected waifs and lead them in the better way. Then, I believe the homes should be looked after to a certain extent. Weak and incompetent parents should not be allowed to bring such influences to bear upon their children as they do. While writing this, I could hear from my open window the screams of a little child whose mother was beating him most cruelly. I could plainly hear the blows descend upon that child's body while it was pleading and begging as if for its very life. From the mother I could hear coarse oaths mingled with threats of

murder, if the offense, which no doubt was trivial, was repeated. When that boy grows to maturity how can he avoid becoming coarse, brutal and revengeful? A little temptation will place him among the seven hundred who will be within the prison walls in Michigan City forty years from to-day. Much sympathy was awakened over the thought that many of these criminals had mothers who were at home working and praying for them—or had had good Christian mothers. The chances are the mothers of many, if not most, of these criminals were either coarse and brutal, or they were weak and vacillating. I doubt not many of those men were in a better home in that Michigan City prison than they had ever known in their boyhood days. It was because many of them had not had good homes that they were in that place.

Friends, I believe much depends upon home influence, and I wish we could have societies whose object should be to reform the homes. Committees should go into many of the worst homes and talk with fathers and mothers about the care of their children—about the matter of discipline; labor to show them how coarse and brutalizing corporal punishment always is, especially if inflicted in anger. See that children are sent regularly to school; that they are provided with books. I believe if our prison sympathizers and reformers would begin at this end of the line there would be much less to do at the other. Another cause of crime I think can be traced to the door of *society*. A poor man is too often ignored by society until he steals something or commits murder. Then he is visited and consoled, given flowers and prayed over, when, if he was an honest man and out of prison, these persons would not lift their hands to help him,—not even if by so doing they might save his immortal soul.

But one of the most fruitful sources of crime is intemperance. Perhaps two-thirds of the inmates of our penitentiaries are there either directly or indirectly through the influence of strong drink. And what are we doing to suppress this evil? What are we doing to close up the fifty, or it may be one hundred, places in this city where murderers and robbers are made? I trust these ladies who had charge of this enterprise last Thursday are doing something; but what are we doing as a church? O, friends, if there could only be some power to put this hydra-headed monster, the rum interest, down, bury it in a grave so deep and dark that it would never appear again, even at the resurrection!—if we could only once succeed in this, we should have done a great deal to diminish the crime and the wrong-doing in our midst.

There are other causes of crime, but I think that I have mentioned the most prominent, viz.: ignorance, vicious home influences, social incongruities, and intemperance. Heredity and kindred causes may be beyond our power to reach. These causes that I have mentioned can be controlled. Let us then give more attention to these things and we shall have done much to banish our prison houses from off the earth.

UNITY.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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C. W. WENDTE.	ALBERT WALKLEY.

CHAS. H. KERR, Office Editor.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.

MR. LEARNED, of St. Louis, will spend the remainder of the month in search of rest and strength at Manitou, Colorado.

Two interesting series of nature studies are being published in *The Current*, "By Marsh and Pool", by Chas. J. O'Malley, and "At Nature's Feet", by E. G. Cheverton.

THE July number of *Literary Life* contains an article entitled "The Last Moments of Victor Hugo", from the pen of Richard Leschilde, M. Hugo's private secretary.

SOME interesting chapters of musical history may be looked for from Mme. Adelina Patti, who is reported to be busily engaged upon a series of articles of a largely biographical nature for *Harper's Monthly*.

THE *Congregationalist* wants a great Christian (orthodox) daily newspaper. The thing is almost as hard to conceive as a great Christian orthodox trunk-line railroad; but let us have it by all means, if we can decide whether it shall be published Sunday or Monday, or both.

BROTHERS A. M. JUDY, of Davenport; James H. West, of Geneva, and Thomas J. Van Ness, of Denver, all passed through our office last week *en route* to Boston and the sea, where, for the next six weeks, they are to enjoy the *re-creations* they need. It made us feel venerable to see the "boys" carry the joys and responsibilities of their work so manfully.

AN exchange tells of a pastor who undertook the study of medicine in addition to his other work, that he might be able to minister to the bodies as well as the souls of the poor of his parish, and mentions his having been seen at half past five, A.M., in a street car, returning from a bedside to which he had been called in the night. Some one has whispered to us

the name of this pastor—a name that would be familiar to all *UNITY* readers, but we withhold it out of respect for what we know would be his own injunction, and only echo the exclamation of our exchange: "If this be not an example of vital Christianity where shall we look for one"!

DENVER, COLO.—Unity Church has been closed during July—the pastor, Rev. Thos. Van Ness taking his vacation in the East. During the month of August, Rev. Mr. Cutter, of Buffalo, N. Y., will be in Colorado and will hold regular Sunday services. The Sunday-school will continue holding morning services during the warm months.

BOULDER, COLO.—Rev. Joseph Henry Allen, of Cambridge, Mass., preached here on the evening of June 28th, to a crowded house. On the following Sunday, Rev. Edwin G. Brown, of Meadville, officiated in place of Mr. Peirce, and gave excellent satisfaction by his thoughtful and well-delivered address. Mr. Brown has decided to remain in Colorado, and hopes to establish a Unitarian mission, either in Leadville or Colorado Springs.

"INSINCERE milk of the word" is what the *Christian Register* calls the talk of those ministers who excuse themselves from preaching what they really believe and know by saying that their congregations are "not ready for it yet." Then the *Index* suggests that there are cases where this kind of milk is "skimmed, watered and adulterated." This is almost suggestive of a cooling summer drink. Are these churches closed during vacation?

THE best missionary work is that done at short range. If the west is ever to be converted to Unitarianism in any large and generous way it must be by men who are on the ground, and who are working out from centers they have made for themselves in the west. As hopeful indications in this direction we would call attention to the recent missionary labors of George A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, in the suburbs of Walnut Hills; of James H. West, of Geneva, at La Fox; of A. M. Judy, at Moline, and the pastor of All Souls Church, Chicago, at South Park.

THE *Christian at Work* admits that Mr. James Russell Lowell would make a good president for Cornell University, "But abating not one whit of our appreciation of Mr. Lowell as a man, a poet and a scholar, we think there are others as well adapted to the office in scholarship and mental equipment, whose religious teaching and influence would far better conduce to the prosperity of the college and the development of the personal character of the young student. Cornell has supplied admirable education for time. A little instruction for eternity would not be wholly out of place."

OUR energetic missionary, "Nathaniel the Hermit," does not seem to be affected by hot weather. Last week he visited Clinton, Wisconsin, where a list of names of supposed liberals was put in his hands, numbering forty-five, to which he was able to add five more. It is not to be supposed that all of these represent persons who will be developed into actual mem-

bers of a future Unitarian church at Clinton. If such were the case we might set the day for laying the corner stone. The Hermit hopes that such corner stones may be laid, at some time, in several places in this part of the state, but thinks there will have to be a good deal of patient waiting, persistent effort and hard work, before such results can be reached. Last Sunday evening he preached at Clinton to an audience of fifty, who listened with profound attention. He is still holding regular services at Sharon, Darien and Turtle.

THE Humane Society of Pittsburgh recently suppressed the Rinehart Juvenile Opera Company, a troupe of little children under fourteen years of age playing "Little Red Riding Hood". There were seven children in the traveling troupe, and some twenty-five others were picked up in the places where the company exhibited. There is a large work for the Humane Society to do in this direction outside the theatres. The juvenile dramatic work done in many homes, the severe demand on child nerves exacted in many schools, deserves the attention of these Humane Societies.

REV. C. W. WENDTE, after three years of unexceptionally active and useful work in the Channing Memorial Church, of Newport, R. I., has resigned his charge, to take effect November 1. In Newport, as in Chicago and Cincinnati, Mr. Wendte allied himself with all the progressive and humanitarian forces of the city, and made his church a part of the best life of the community. Mr. Wendte promises himself a winter of comparative quiet in Boston, where he will devote himself to denominational and literary interests. After that, we hope he may be found where he belongs—in our Western work. With this work he has so thoroughly identified himself that any other work must be in the nature of a furlough.

THE *Advance* has a very sensible article by Prof. H. M. Whitney upon the "Ideal of public speaking", in which it is urged that all good and effective oratory is simply talking so that all present can hear, using the conversational or natural tones and inflections of the voice, and avoiding all attempts at the oratorical. This calls up the saying of a teacher of elocution that was probably not so wide of the mark as it may seem at first thought. He said: "All the ministerial throat difficulties that we hear so much of originate in that assumed oratorical, or false or falsetto tone in which so many preach—generally without being conscious of it—and the false tone is assumed because they do not really mean what they say". This will do to think over during vacation.

U.

A SIGNIFICANT and happy affair was that which took place in All Souls Church, Janesville, Wis., on the evening of the 24th ult., when Rev. H. Tambs Hyche, at the close of a year's devoted work in the pulpit, was united in marriage to Miss Mary R. Godden, by the senior editor of this paper. Miss Godden is a graduate of the last class at Meadville, and a child of the Janesville church. These two lives in becoming one leave to our cause still two ministers with glowing ideals and lives of rare and

deep consecration. Mr. and Mrs. Lyche have gone eastward, where they hope to find permanent settlement. They have left behind them many friends, who feel sure that they go to make many more. We shall consider that parish fortunate that secures their service, and take great pleasure in commanding them to eastern friends.

CAN HE BE FORGIVEN?—The following is cut from the Home Department of the *Weekly Witness*, a Christian temperance paper of an intensely evangelical character:

If a man killed a wicked man, a man so wicked that he could not go to heaven, as his sins were unrepented of, could the murderer then repent of his sins, accept Christ, and enjoy (afterwards) heaven? And how would it be for the murdered (wicked) man to be tormented down below, while the murderer enjoys heaven? Could the murderer be forgiven? Will He forgive such a crime as that? Is not rejection of Christ the greatest crime that can be committed? If a man who knows all about Christ believes that there is a God and Savior, and deliberately rejects God, is he not worse than a heathen who never heard of God? Please give this a place in the home department this week, and answer my questions yourself, Mr. Editor.

A LITTLE GIRL.

[The murderer can find forgiveness, though his victim may be forever lost. But remember that not a sparrow falls without God's permission. He searches all hearts, and he will not cast away any but those who have wilfully and finally rejected Him. The only unpardonable sin is the refusal of the heart to yield to the influence of the Holy Ghost, who is constantly seeking to turn men from sin to God.—ED.]

This extract is characteristic of the paper, which claims to have a circulation of seventy thousand copies. And yet there are those among us who think Unitarianism has done its work.

WE recently inserted in the *Lever*, a temperance paper published in this city, an advertisement which, beside the usual announcements of form, price, etc., contained the following statement of our principles:

UNITY seeks to adjust religion and culture; to make Thought worshipful, and Worship thoughtful; to find a unity beneath conflicting dogmas, a community in all denominations, a sympathy between all religions. It seeks to represent and emphasize the abiding elements of religion, love, justice, truth, worship, practically applied among all men.

The same number of the *Lever* also contained the following advertisement, which has been widely circulated:

UNITARIAN sermons, tracts and other liberal literature can be obtained free by addressing Miss F. Le Baron, Sec'y, 135 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

Through the courtesy of the editor of the *Lever* and Messrs. Lord and Thomas, advertising agents, we are enabled to print a communication which these advertisements called out. Perhaps, on the whole, it will be as well to allow each reader to make his own comment:

BERWICK, Pa., June 29, 1885.

Dear Sir and Brother:—I send you a couple of clippings which I am sorry to see in your grand and noble paper. I think perhaps these ads. crept in without your knowledge. Am at Berwick on a visit. Williamsport, Pa., is my usual address.

Yours in haste,

To the Editor of the *Lever*.

Announcements.

The Subscription price of UNITY is \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance. Single copies 5 cents.

The date on the address label indicates the time to which the subscription is paid.

Remittances are acknowledged by changing this date. No written receipts are sent unless requested.

Subscribers are requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions and send in their renewal without waiting for a bill. No paper discontinued without an express order and payment of all arrears.

Make checks payable to the order of Charles H. Kerr.

Contracts for Advertising in UNITY can be made by applying to Edwin Alden & Bro., Fifth and Vine streets, Cincinnati, or 140 Nassau street, New York City. Rate per line 8 cents. Electrotypes must be on metal.

UNITY FUND.

FOR THE BUILDING OF ALL SOULS CHURCH,
CHICAGO.

Last week the senior editor of this paper ventured to take his hat in his hand, or rather, put it into the hand of the United States mail, which carried it to most of UNITY's readers, asking their help in his efforts to realize the Ideal Church, the plans and reasons for which were set forth at some length in our issue for June 20. In that letter was set forth briefly the story of this last attempt to establish a fourth Unitarian church in this city, which it is not necessary here to repeat. The pith of the plea was as follows:

* * * It would be very encouraging for me to know that in this work I have the practical sympathy and indorsement of my many fellow-laborers throughout the country. If my UNITY readers would help me in *retail* with now and then a subscription in *wholesale*, the \$5,000 needed outside of what I can secure in Chicago could be readily secured. It is very necessary to my own health, strength and comfort, as well as to the success of the movement, that I should be able to build this fall. But I must build without debt, and in doing it I want to still save a margin of time for UNITY and the work it represents. To this paper you already know I have given several years of the best labor I could command, on a salary somewhat less than zero.

If you would like now to "lend a hand" and become a shareholder in my church-home, please subscribe on the accompanying blank, and perhaps show it to an interested friend or two, and return it to me in inclosed envelope. All moneys thus received will be promptly acknowledged by letter, placed in the "UNITY Contribution Fund" and in due time acknowledged in UNITY and recognized in some fitting manner in the building. When our new home is finished we will send you a picture of it, and welcome you to a seat at our church fireside whenever you are in the city. * * * I must give my vacation days to this work. I should like to see my way through the problem in July, so that I might "take to the woods" for a few days in August for the rest I need to fit me for another year's work. Tell me what you think of the plan. I subscribe myself still and for life, your fellow-worker,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

With unexpected promptness the mails have begun to bring returns bearing generous good-will, not only in money contributions but in kind words and encouraging sympathy, not one whit less valued than the money. The financial receipts and subscriptions we have begun to acknowledge on the next page of the present number, and we venture to print at this time some extracts

from the letters received, as indicative of the interest in the project. We believe it to be an experiment and a movement of much wider import to our cause than is the interest of any local society. Hence in pushing it we do not feel that we are intruding private interests in a public way.

The first returns were from a brother minister from the interior of this state:

"I inclose the family names (would there were more of us) with a little sum attached to each for your new church and parsonage.

"The boys, out of their own earnings, came down with the cash with hearty greeting to 'Uncle Jenk'."

Next a lawyer from Iowa writes:

"Your plan is at hand. I would like much to assist in building it. It seems odd—but all Unitarian ideas are odd. If the church and parsonage can be well united it will make the church much more home-like and social."

A Wisconsin school-mistress sends:

"I am in heartiest sympathy with your effort and send you my mite. I hope nobody will do less. I like the plan. I think it is on the right principle."

A Kentucky brother next comes with a wish that "the Ideal Church and Home may be realized".

An Illinois lawyer writes:

"The church building seems pleasant, * * * but is it not going back to the Middle Ages, where the priests and monks lived under the same roof with the church?"

A Michigan minister says:

"I like your plan mostly, but am a little fearful that your audience room may give you an echo. The corner pulpit seems to solve perfectly the acoustic problem."

A Minnesota business man says:

"Nothing short of such a letter as yours of the 1st (just received), addressed to the crowd in which I stand, could have loosened my purse-strings. I like your scheme of church and home combined, and believe it to be perfectly practicable. I shall certainly feel a personal interest in its accomplishment."

A St. Louis layman accompanies his contribution with some wholesome advice that is good enough to pass along:

"With a 'stiff upper lip' and a steady pull, you will work through. It is jerks that hurt one. Get into a mud-hole and jerk, and you will jerk yourself down; but take it coolly, pull steadily, and you will get out without much fatigue. Do not worry. Avoid anxiety. Your strength then will carry you through. Take your vacation in August, whether you 'see your way through' or not. Your vision will at least be the clearer. I like the plan very much. If agreeable to the pastor, it is certainly economical. If you get that church built for \$10,000, you will surely get your money's worth."

Another Michigan minister writes:

"I only wish I were rich. * * * Oh, how I pity a man that is raising money this weather!"

It is not so hard work, after all, as long as people keep as good-natured as our correspondents do. They take their poverty so cheerfully, and make even their declensions very interesting and welcome.

A brother minister from Indiana writes:

"I subscribe \$10.00, which will pay for one brick at least in the coming church. Wish I could do more, and perhaps will before the pile is complete. I think this a capital idea and wouldn't wonder if nearly every minister in our body would do something—even if they do no more than this, half the amount you ask for will be raised."

A minister brother in Iowa writes:

"The plan seems nearest to the ideal liberal church of anything that I have ever seen."

Another Iowa preacher says:

"I will wait and hope to do something for the bath-room, in memory of my early Baptist education."

A member from All Souls Church, Washington, D. C., sends its greeting to the baby All Souls Church, Chicago, with:

"Two dollars to pay for a plank."

The "widow's mite" has lost none of its potency when it comes with such a blessing as that which accompanied five dollars from a venerable and venerated mother in Indiana. She says:

"If I could, I would set such a beacon-light on every hill-top. The plan seems to me perfect."

A lady from near Boston says:

"The plan is, to my mind, the most thoroughly sensible one I have ever seen. I have often wondered why churches could not be built in some such way and be less expensive, and at the same time more useful. I do not return the blank with my subscription, because I wish to send it to a friend, with the letter and plan."

To offset this encouraging word, here comes a precautionary hint from a thoroughly interested brother to the eastward:

"I am not entirely in sympathy with your plan. Something a little more ecclesiastical and reverent would be more to my taste; but that is a small matter. * * * My impression is that you'll get more help in this way by not showing your 'new departure in architecture'."

But the plan is shown. "The cat is out of the bag", and we do not wish any but believing money. Brick and mortar even should rest in faith.

This is the way it strikes one of our most respected and open-eyed ministers in the West.

"I regard it as the Cathedral reduced to the rational uses of the nineteenth century—the saurian of the carboniferous and ooze epoch displaced by a domestic creature, at once intelligent and humane. I believe it is so practicable that it may be soon realized, and once realized it will revolutionize church architecture, just as inevitably as Unitarian ideas are to revolutionize all ecclesiastical theology—i. e., for all thinking people. So stick to it and get it. I don't think Inigo Jones, in restoring Stonehenge or 'barbarizing' St Paul's, ever did anything half so important. 'The Religion of the New Life' must have a new home to live in, as well as dress itself according to its character and means, and so free itself still further from the bondage of old custom and associations. Then we shall begin to prevail where heretofore we have repeatedly failed. It is all a part of that 'daring faith' which just now the lethargic world is desperately in want of. There is too little now in religion to make men feel and think—altogether too little in any church fellowship to impel men to acts of self-sacrifice."

Another Boston lady says:

"I am interested in any plan which promises to furnish a church building suited to the needs of the people of to-day, at once simple, helpful, devout."

A solitary subscriber from a lonely out-post in Indiana writes:

"Here is enough to buy a brick or two. Should I ever visit Chicago I will be glad to feel that I am welcome to a seat in a Unitarian Church, and join with a congregation of that faith."

An Episcopalian Minister writes:

"The plan is a gem."

UNITY FUND.
FOR THE BUILDING OF ALL SOULS CHURCH,
CHICAGO.

The following subscriptions have been received up to July 14.

NAME.	ADDRESS.	AMT PAID OR SUBSCRIBED.
Rev. J. R. Effinger	Bloomington, Ill.	\$5 00
Lucretia Effinger	"	5 00
Gerard Effinger	"	1 00
Robert Effinger	"	1 00
G. B. Wheeler	"	2 00
A. G. Jennings	St. Paul, Minn.	25 00
C. S. Ittner	La Porte, Ind.	10 00
Rosa C. Swart	Oshkosh, Wis.	2 00
Mrs. Sophia Grover	La Porte, Ind.	5 00
Cyrus Gale	Northboro, Mass.	5 00
Ellen M. Gale	"	5 00
To a Cleveland Fund	Cleveland, Ohio	10 00
Gustav Klarner	Quincy, Ill.	5 00
F. M. Choguill	Zanesville, Ohio	5 00
Abby W. May	Boston, Mass.	20 00
Julia H. Goodwin	Dorchester,	10 00
W. G. Babcock	"	75
Chas. W. Hills	Washington, D. C.	2 00
Z. G. Simmons	Kenosha, Wis.	100 00
Stephen Evans	Lincoln, Ill.	5 00
Joel P. Davis	Des Moines, Iowa	1 00
E. H. Gillette	"	1 00
Dr. Carter	"	1 00
Wheeler Carpenter	"	1 00
Rev. S. S. Hunting	"	1 00
J. E. Williams	"	1 00
Fannie R. White	"	1 00
F. E. S. White	"	1 00
George White	"	1 00
Peter Kurtz	"	1 00
Julia D. Reed	Janesville, Wis.	2 00
Rev. R. Heber New-ton	Garden City, N.Y.	10 00
Hannah E. Stevenson	Boston, Mass.	10 00
Mrs. Chas. P. Curtiss	"	10 00
Rev. John Heddaeus	Yonkers, N. Y.	5 00
Rev. Geo. S. Shaw	Ashby, Mass.	5 00
Ellen C. Jones	River Falls, Wis.	10 00
Jennie L. Jones	Eau Claire,	10 00
Henry Crane	Janesville,	100 00
Charles Oliver	Knightstown, Ind.	1 00
"Michigan School-Mistress"	"	1 00
Martha H. Brooks	Boston, Mass.	1 00
Total		\$393 75

+ indicates subscriptions accompanied by cash. Send all subscriptions to
JENKIN LLOYD JONES,
200½ 37th st., Chicago, Ills.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INDEX TO VOLUMES XIII AND XIV OF UNITY has been prepared and will be sent to any address on receipt of a two cent stamp. Address this office.

VOLUMES XIII AND XIV OF UNITY, comprising the numbers from March 1, 1884, to February 16, 1885 inclusive, will be ready next week in substantial binding, leather back and cloth sides, and will be sent to any address, expressage prepaid, on receipt of \$2.00. Address this office.

THE PUBLISHERS OF UNITY SOLICIT orders for all kinds of printing. Estimates promptly furnished on the printing of books, pamphlets, circulars, letter heads, etc. Call at this office, or address by mail, UNITY, 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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